

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, April 7, 1866. —



GUSTAVE DORÉ.

WHO is Gustave Doré, of whom all the world is talking? His name catches the eye from afar, boldly placarded on colossal posters; his fame is trumpeted in all the leading journals of the day; his works are seen in almost every house, and figure conspicuously in every news vendor's window—for Gustave Doré is an artist whose honour and whose pleasure it is to labour for that most gene-

rous, and least capricious of patrons—the public. Gustave Doré is a great man, and a hard worker. The amount of labour which he has accomplished has something startling about it. He must have exhausted wood enough to have built a temple—a shrine for his own genius; besides covering acres of canvas with pictures full of vivacity, and glowing with colour. The illustrations to his last great work—a work now in course of publication in monthly parts—form an attractive exhibition in themselves. Doré has illustrated the Holy Bible, and the drawings are some of the most wonderful that have ever been executed by any artist, in any age. He has been inspired by his theme. “The grandeur, the tenderness, the awe of the holy volume are unprofaned by clever conceits, by brilliant trickery, or by sombre nightmare fancies.” “Doré’s Bible,” says another critic, “will be a monument—the culminating and vastest work of his life, as a work of illustration.” To this may be added another criticism to the same effect: “In fertility of imagination, in local truth, in grandeur of treatment, and often in a subtle appreciation of the sacred text, that is evinced in a perfectly new handling of subjects that have been the study of the greatest Christian artists, Gustave Doré must rank as *facile princeps*.”

Illustrated literature is peculiar to our age. For some years past there has been a growing demand for books and periodicals embellished with more or less attractive woodcuts or steel etchings. The engravings that were, not only tolerated, but regarded as triumphs of art thirty years ago, would find no ready patronage now. Art education has done much, with its schools of design; but cheap literature, well illustrated, has done more to introduce a just appreciation of correct drawing, effective grouping, and careful execution.

Gustave Doré has contributed very largely to realise this consummation. As a colourist, it is said he has no peer; as a wood draughtsman, there is no room for cavil. He stands alone; and to him this fact affords unspeakable satisfaction. He has worked for the people; he has sought the popularity which comes from being well known to *all*, and not to a small circle, however honourable or select; he has called up the smile and the tear by the humour and the pathos of his pencil; and he has lifted the hearts and souls of those who have gazed on his Bible pictures above themselves, and above the world, and made them to stand in the presence of apostles, prophets, and archangels.

The father of Gustave Doré was an engineer, and Gustave was born at Strasburg, on the 6th of January, 1833. Strasburg has far more the appearance of a German than it has of a French town. The aspect of the streets, the costume of the people, and the language commonly spoken, all tell of the Fatherland. But it is one of the strongest

fortresses of France—one of Vauban’s engineering triumphs, and almost as famous for its citadels, bastions, arsenals, and outworks, as it is for its *pâtes de foie gras*.

Gustave Doré is still a young man, having only just entered his thirty-fourth year. There is no parallel instance of one so young having achieved so much, or won so universal a reputation. How many artists who have afterwards plucked honours have been still in their pupillage at thirty-four, imitating the models set before them by authority, and dissipating their native genius in the vain effort at rivalling another’s style! Doré is thoroughly original; his thoughts are as free as the air. His childhood was passed amid the rugged scenery of the Vosges; and the Arcadian landscapes so early familiarised to his eye, have never been forgotten. He can sketch from memory alone a landscape which he has once seen, and complete it with extraordinary fidelity.

Before he was eight years old he could draw with astonishing facility. One day some of Grandville’s vigorous sketches fell into his hands—sketches in which human life were wittily caricatured by the lower animal. The boy was charmed, and immediately conceived the idea of carrying out the project. Grandville, to whom his sketches were shown, was delighted with the child’s proficiency; he declared that the boy was a true artist, that it would be useless to oppose the bent of his genius, that draw he must, and that in nothing else would he succeed so well. From that time Grandville never ceased to take an interest in the lad; he gave him instruction whenever an opportunity presented itself; he gave him what was better—encouragement; and he “talked” his parents into a half-belief that if the child could be an artist, he would not be absolutely ruined.

The elder Doré having been appointed chief engineer in the Department of the Ain, Gustave was sent to the College of Bourg, the chief town of the department, and while there is said to have blackened more paper with his pencil than with his pen. Sketching landscapes and figures was a far more congenial occupation to him than translating or writing themes. All his copy-books were copiously illustrated—scenes from ancient history being pretty freely intermixed with sketches of episodes in the Algerian campaign.

During the vacation, in September, 1847, Doré, with his parents, visited Paris, they intending to remain there about three weeks; but the young artist, aged fourteen, proposed a longer stay. “Here I remain,” said he, on entering the capital; and he was true to his resolution.

In those days there stood in the Place de la Bourse a famous print-shop, kept by a clever, good-hearted dealer named Philippon. A compact crowd was generally gathered round Philippon’s

windows, delighting themselves with an examination, gratis, of the comicalities which the caricaturist served up, hot, appetising, and flavoured to taste. Young Doré saw the crowd, and pushed his way in. We may be sure it was not long before he was in the foremost rank, devouring the fun and sarcasm of old Philippon's artists. There was much to amuse, and much to admire—perhaps not a little to condemn; at all events, after a careful inspection, Doré, nothing dismayed, resolved to seek his fortune in the same line of business, and to compete with the knight of the crayon for a little patronage and pay. He ran home, sketched a caricature, put it up with some of his best bits in a portfolio, and taking the first opportunity of his parents' absence, marched round to the print-shop, and asked to see the publisher. The notion of a lad of fourteen, without a friend to help him out, without a letter of introduction, or even any knowledge of business, calling on a thriving publisher and demanding an interview, has something of startling humour in it. Philippon was one in a thousand; he was a thorough good-natured man, and he had the boy in, talked to him, and looked at his sketches. He saw enough in them to warrant further inquiry. Plainly his visitor was a genius. Philippon sought an interview with Doré's father, and emphatically impressed upon him the old lesson so often taught by Grandville—that the boy might do well as an artist, but would probably fail in anything else.

So Doré was left in Paris to follow his own inclination, it being, however, stipulated that he should attend the Lycée to complete his education, and that Philippon would accept as many sketches as the boy artist could supply. Shortly after this, the publisher started the comic periodical known as the *Journal pour Rire*.

From 1847 to 1850, the date at which Doré left college, and during the three succeeding years, he completed more than a thousand designs. His publisher and his friends, however, urged him to enter systematically on the study of painting. But there were great and serious obstacles in the way. There was a demand to be supplied—a demand, the supply of which enabled the artist to eat, drink, and wear good clothes. As an art student how was he to live? This was at length arranged; the required assistance was forthcoming, and Doré laid aside the blacklead pencil, and took up the palette and the brush. He applied himself to painting with his instinctive enthusiasm, and immediately covered a large number of canvases. The extraordinary rapidity with which his work was accomplished is only approached by the instance of Giacomo Robusti, better known by his nickname, Tintoretto.

In the Exhibitions of 1852 and 1853 his paintings figured conspicuously; they aroused attention, but

the public were more astonished than pleased. To Doré himself the work was uncongenial, and he felt restrained by the fact that he was not maintaining his independence. He was loth to return to ordinary caricature, and loth to submit to patronage; but a thought occurred to him: he would produce an illustrated "Rabelais." The idea was developed with characteristic promptitude. It appeared in a cheap form, made a great success, and brought Doré into notice and immediate request as a book illustrator. There was a quaint humour, a subtle meaning, sometimes a grotesque exaggeration, sometimes a quiet bit of *genre* painting, but always that which showed that the pencil went side by side with the pen, that the artist really understood his author.

When a man shows himself skilful in any way, there are always those about him who would induce him to stick by his success, repeat himself, establish a speciality and guard it jealously. But this policy was repugnant to the ever-active and adventurous mind of Gustave Doré. He showed that he could illustrate mediæval romance as no other man could do, or ever had done, and he was satisfied. Nothing could induce him to condense himself, to reiterate illustrations of the same sort of subjects. The Crimean war was attracting a large share of public attention; Doré resolved on being the artist of the campaign. In conjunction with his old friend Philippon, he projected a journal of engravings, giving every month pictorial representations of the chief events of the war. It appeared under the title of *Musée Franco-Anglaise*, and was published simultaneously in England and France. To many who may read these lines, perhaps Doré's reputation dates from the issue of this apparently ephemeral work.

Other works followed in rapid succession. Gustave's pencil was never idle. The ardent desire of having the whole world for his judge, gave him the courage to abandon painting for months, and even years; for, as a painter, he was constantly restrained within a narrow circle of admirers. What! should he paint pictures to decorate ordinary rooms, or to be shut up in some deserted gallery, only occasionally opened to the inspection of a visitor? For fame such as this Doré had no relish: he yearned to speak with his pencil to the great mass of mankind. What signified to him the dimensions of the frame, or the colours with which his canvas was covered? None were found who dared dispute the talent of the colourist, who, with a little white and black pigment, produced marvels of light and transparency, and who upon a few inches of wood, described an immense horizon, and pictured multitudes of people!

In the whole two hundred and thirty tableaux with which Doré illustrates the Holy Scriptures, there is nothing to offend the most sensitive of

Biblical critics. This is no small meed of praise. The old masters, with scarcely an exception—French, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch—misrepresent the sacred story. There is some glaring inconsistency, some palpable blunder, in the scene itself or in its accessories. Even with our extended knowledge of Oriental archaeology and antiquities, it is only at rare intervals that we get anything like what we may suppose to be a faithful picture of the recorded event. The traditions of art have too often been made superior to the canon of Scripture. Not so with Gustave Doré. He is evidently well acquainted with the text he illustrates. He grasps its meaning; he is moved by the circumstances by which his characters were surrounded; he sees them “in his mind’s eye” as they were, and not as they are misrepresented on miles of canvas, or caricatured by Academy models: they are men and women, moved by the same passions, subject to the same infirmities, impressed by the same grandeur, cast down by the same sorrows, and elated by the same joys as ourselves. There is an intense vitality in his pictures, that gives to

them a realism unapproached in the works of any other artist. His Eastern pictures are a-glow with Oriental splendour. His priests and soldiers are robed and harnessed in the costume of their age; the buildings are such as those common to the East in ancient times; and the trees and plants, the camels, oxen, sheep, all the lower animals, are such as we may find in Syria at this day. Without adopting a dry or harsh mannerism, without overloading his pictures with critical information, Doré becomes a valuable and suggestive commentator on the text.

He has done much; he is still working hard; he aspires—and may success crown his aspiration—to do still more. His pictures to the Divine Comedy of Danté have already thousands of admirers. But—whatever else he has done, whatever more he may achieve—we can hope for nothing better in the way of intelligent and brilliant illustration than we find in his Scripture pictures; and it is our conviction that the verdict of posterity, as well as of contemporary critics, will give the highest place to Doré’s Bible. J. T.

A LOST STORY OF A NAVAL HERO.

BY A FLAG-OFFICER.



It is pleasant to contemplate the fulfilment of the saying, “As is the master, so is the pupil.” It is gratifying to see that sometimes, at least, there are tangible results flowing from

the school in which a man has been reared.

This was peculiarly the case in Nelson’s favourite flag-captain, Sir Thomas Hardy, whose seamanship and steadiness of character were so remarkable, that men, sixty years since, were accustomed to say that Nelson owed as much to Hardy as Hardy owed to Nelson. Be this as it may, long after the chief’s mortal remains had been consigned to their last resting-place in St. Paul’s Cathedral, his follower continued to carry out in the navy the method by which Nelson had secured such a devoted attachment from all who served under him. Of this fact the following interesting anecdote may be given, as an instance of the system which was pursued:—

When Sir Thomas Hardy commanded the squadron in South America, one of his captains complained to the admiral that the first lieutenant of his ship, although possessing some good qualities, was yet so impracticable on many other points that it was impossible to get on with him, and that therefore it was necessary, for the discipline of the service, to have him removed from the ship.

The relations between the first and second in command in military and naval life are always of a

very delicate nature; the boundary line of authority is so narrow, that much tact and consideration are required from both one and the other of the two parties. Of them, in truth, it may be said, as it has been sung of husband and wife—

“The happiest and the wisest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;”

and being joined together by the necessities of public duty, divorce should be the last remedy to be thought of or resorted to.

Such, at any rate, was the mind of Sir Thomas Hardy on these occasions of temporary misunderstanding; for, instead of giving an order for the lieutenant’s removal from his ship, he said to the captain, “Pray, sir, have you ever tried *conciliation*?”

“Conciliation!” replied the astonished captain; “that is a plan not much in use in a man-of-war. With all due respect, and begging your pardon, sir, I never heard such a word at sea before in all my life.”

“Well, well,” said Sir Thomas, “I will come and inspect your ship, and see what can be done.”

The day was fixed, and with the usual imposing ceremony of salutes, manning yards, and guards of honour, the admiral went on board, being received by all the officers in full dress upon the quarter-deck.

“Let the men and officers put on their working-

dress," said the veteran, "and then, Captain B—1, get the ship under weigh."

All went on well, the duty was smartly done, the manœuvre satisfactorily performed; the watch was called, the ropes coiled down, everything made trim; the harbour was fast being left astern, and the world, with its cares, apparently shut out whilst leaving the land behind them. As the snow-white canvas swelled to the fresh sea-breeze of that latitude, the vessel bounded over the waters "like a thing of life," and all hands seemed pleased with their ship, with themselves, and with one another.

Sir Thomas Hardy seized the happy moment to say, "Now, Captain B—1, be so good as to introduce me to your first lieutenant, who has carried on the duty in such excellent style this morning."

On the captain doing so with a well-timed compliment, the lieutenant was evidently much gratified, and in high good humour.

The admiral whispered in the captain's ear, "Ask him to dine with us to-day."

The captain gave the invitation, and the lieutenant, changing colour at this unexpected proof of kind consideration, bowed a ready acquiescence.

The dinner comprised all the delicacies of a tropical clime; the captain, a man of sense and *savoir faire*, did the honours graciously, and made the best of the opportunity which his chief had so adroitly given him. All rose from the feast good friends. The ship was re-anchored in the evening

in capital order; the admiral went ashore, conscious of having achieved a great triumph at a small cost; and from that time until the period of final separation on the ship being paid off, the captain and first lieutenant remained on terms of the greatest cordiality and mutual esteem. Thus, to the end of the ship's commission, and perhaps as long as they lived, these two officers ceased not to be grateful to Sir Thomas Hardy for teaching them the strong, though latent power which lies in the practice of "*conciliation*."

This virtue may, indeed, be compared to "the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his garments." It may be likened to the morning dew upon the mountains, clothing their sides with verdure, and making the valleys rejoice in beauty and fruitfulness. In its effects, it is like the oil used in mechanical arrangements, which prevents rust, banishes jarring, and lessens wear and tear. How does conciliation brighten and sweeten the joys of social life! How does she make each day to pass in smooth and happy harmony! In a ship where men are so closely packed together, and where they are shut out for a time from the restraining and balancing force of public opinion, conciliation is especially needed. May it abound there, and may the crews import it to our shores; and may conciliation thus find a place in every house, village, and city throughout the length and breadth of our native land.

THOUGHTS ON THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK.

THE temptation of Christ is in all respects an impressive incident. His ministry is just beginning; the Father has publicly owned his Son; the special endowments needed for his work have been conferred. At such a moment, no trifling cause would prevent him from at once proclaiming the momentous tidings which he bore. Yet he is withdrawn from the expectation of his disciples, and led by the Spirit into the wilderness—into solitude, and trial, and pain. By such an event our attention is arrested and our expectations raised; we feel that no common instruction would reward us, could we apprehend the import of those forty days. We are utterly dissatisfied with the shallow view, that his retirement (as after the miraculous feeding of the multitudes) is to avoid a premature movement of the people, whose first impulses might outrun their convictions, and embarrass our Saviour's subsequent career; for, if that were all, he would scarcely have gone into the

desert, but into some remote province, where his work might have progressed.

But Christ is not more our Forerunner in heaven than he was upon the earth. He should meet and vanquish everything that his servants have to fear, in order to leave us an example that we should follow in his steps. Neither could he be our priest and intercessor, unless we could trust his sympathy with our daily cares and trials, and make bare the secrets of our hearts before him, without the cold and repelling sense that he never experienced what we feel. What a want would the Christian suddenly discover; how empty and illusive would the Redeemer's sufferings perhaps appear; how seriously would our belief in his Divinity compromise our sense of the acuteness of his pains, and our knowledge of his perfect holiness exclude us from the perception of his human brotherhood, if this scene, and that of his midnight agony, were blotted from the sacred page.

Even without entering into details, the tempta-

tion of Christ suggests many valuable reflections, both as regards his example and his priestly office: for he was tried in part, that he might stand upon a level with his followers; and we are to take home to our own breasts the lessons which the narrative presents.

1. Let us ask, for example, why the Lord went into the desert? It is true that the Spirit meant him to be tempted: but the providential reason is one thing, his own object is quite another. Had he consciously sought for temptation, he would have done as presumptuous a deed as if he had afterwards cast himself down from the Temple. The duty of man is always to pray, "Lead us not into temptation; deliver us from the Evil One."

Did He, then, remember the long interval between the first effort of Moses to be useful and his final public mission—between the anointing of David and his coronation-day? Did he feel, being human, the pressure of that great honour that had so lately come upon him from the skies, and retire to calm his agitated heart, and collect his mind, and meditate upon the road which lay before him? This much is clear, that in all the fulness of the Spirit, given without measure unto him, unswayed by the Baptist's reverence and the people's homage, undizzied by the elevation and the novelty of his position, he turned his back on the expectant crowds, arrested his course, as that of the apostles was arrested after the ascension-day, and entered the desert alone. It is good for us, in the time of our prosperity (whatever its nature may be), to ask ourselves whether we could do the same. There are few careers so humble or commonplace as not to have a kind of fascination when things go well. There is danger alike in the successful profession, the remunerative trade, and the contemptible popularity of the drawing-room. Could we cheerfully submit to go aside, into the shade, into the sick chamber, and commune only with God and our own souls? If God loves us, if we are not in danger of being given up to our own devices, sooner or later it must be done. Day is not followed by night more certainly than the sunshine by the shadow of the soul. Moses came down from the forty days of his ecstasy to mourn for the people he had loved, because they had sinned a great sin, and made them gods of gold. Elijah called down the fire of God, and slew the idol-prophets, one day before he fled for life, and in despair made request that he might die. We, like our Lord, must hold lightly the gifts and the advantages that we enjoy, in order to hold firmly that better part which shall not be taken from us, and never suffer what God has given us to come nearer to our hearts than God.

2. We read that Christ was in the desert "with the wild beasts," and some have argued that, as unselfish man, he shared the privileges of unfallen Adam, and the brute creation grew tame

under his eye of mastery. But this idea is thoroughly unsound. Christ took not on him the immunities of unsullied humanity; he took up man where Adam left him, and his likeness was that of *sinful* flesh. Not only after the forty days, but throughout them, he was tempted; and natural fear would assail him in that savage place, among savage sights and sounds. The unseen tempter would seek to overcome his fortitude, and everything around would favour the attempt—the fearful solitude, the still more fearful companionship, the startling contrast between this howling wilderness and his familiar Nazareth, with its prospects of enchanting loveliness. Now, it must be remembered that Christ shared our infirmities. Whatever we are entitled to pass over as natural emotion, he was entitled to share. Yet we cannot think of him as actually fearful; not one who believes in him at all could endure the suspicion for a moment. We hear him answering to the message of Herod, "I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected;" we see him at Pilate's bar, heroic in his calmness amid cruelty and taunts; and we know that however the temptation to terror and distrust laid siege to that noble breast, the repulse was perfect and immediate. And has he not said, that as he was, so should we be in the world? Is not ours the same God in whom to trust, the same Spirit by whom to be sustained and cheered? Where is the difference that entitles us to be alarmed at every shadow of peril, at every flying rumour, and remote possibility of evil? Courage (which does not mean iron nerves, but moral fortitude overcoming their weakness) is at all times a Christian duty. It is very true that health and physical constitution have a great influence upon the spirit. But the same excuse might be pleaded for almost every shortcoming. It is hard for a sick person to be anything but querulous, but (with certain deductions and qualifications) no person denies that cheerfulness is an obligation upon all. And the same is true of courage: the weakness that every trifle can develop into panic is inconsistent with any real sense of Divine protection, and throws discredit upon the name we bear.

3. We are not to suppose that Christ was now tempted for the first time; but now first did his trials intensify with his growing importance—with his avowed position as the Son of God, and the champion of holiness in a world of corruption. Satan had met him in the village workshop, where Jesus was subject to his father at a humble trade and earned his own coarse bread; he would meet him again in the excitement of the ministry, or amid the shadows of the garden, when his own hour, and the power of darkness were at their highest. But if we think any place to be peculiarly free from

his malice, it is the place of solitude. Seclusion, quiet, and retirement are said to be the conditions of a religious life; and the spirit of the hermitage and the monastery has not yet expired. Alas! it was there that Jesus felt in their fullest violence the shafts of evil and temptation; and he is far from alone in this respect, that in the wilderness he was tempted of the devil, even more fiercely than at Nazareth. Wherever God has placed us, let us hold that station, and scorn to pine for the fancied advantages of another and seemingly an easier post.

4. An invaluable lesson is derived from the fact of our Saviour's being actually tempted in any manner or degree whatever, from his not being (as some would seem to fancy) serenely superior to everything like a *struggle* with sin. Not only did Satan tempt him, but Jesus *suffered* being tempted. Many Christian people think their conflicts with evil are signs of corruption; every time they wrestle against wicked spirits, they fancy themselves convicted of a crime and called upon for special humiliation. But if so, Christ never could have been assailed by evil; if so, Adam, who was originally sinless, never could have fallen away. Temptations that are overcome should fill the heart with gratitude. What is a temptation but an invitation to do wrong, supported by the inducement of some natural pleasure, that we are asked to snatch without permission. One is not culpable who wishes for gold, or feels the wish when it is put before him even as a bribe. He is only to be blamed when that inducement begins to shake his honest resolution, and make his virtue waver. Nor need we grieve if the bait seem alluring—if, when hungry, we desire bread, like our Master; but only if we begin to feel inclined to *do* the wrong that would procure it. Thus, the intensity of temptation is the measure of that grace which overcomes it, and, therefore, of the joyful praises that ought to be rendered to our Deliverer. If guilt were measured by the violence of Satan's attacks, we should cease to be really responsible, and Christ would not be really pure. Only let us be cast down as often as we dally and palter with the Evil One, as often as "It is written" falters on our tongues, as often as we are not willing to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

But Christ's temptation was also necessary to his priesthood. As we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews—"It behoved him to be made" (better, "to be") "like unto his brethren, that he might be" (become) "a merciful and faithful high priest." The sceptic is perplexed by this plain statement. Did not Christ, as God, know our feelings? or was it necessary that he should become incarnate, in order to sympathise with our sorrows?

Perhaps it would be enough to say that we could not appreciate his knowledge, that his glory would

repel us, his perfections would terrify us, and there was need of something milder in order to win our trust, to make us accept his mediation, and reciprocate his goodwill towards men. But we go further than that, and boldly say that God the Son could not be our priest with God the Father; and that for two ample reasons:—

1. To *know* is one thing, to *feel* is quite another; and our priest should feel for our temptations. For a detected culprit would find no hope in his accuser's knowledge of his temptation; but one ray of sympathy would be a beam of encouragement also. Now, God has all enjoyment supplied to him in his own perfections, and need never look elsewhere for delight: therefore he cannot be tempted of evil; therefore we could not accept him as our spokesman: but let his perfections be laid aside, let want be felt, and the strain of temptation becomes visible.

2. Again, priesthood is not invested in every one who prays for us, or offers sacrifices for our benefit. Moses prayed for Israel, but Aaron retained his rank. The priest acts, not only for my benefit, but in my stead. What he does I do, as the acts of an ambassador are set down to the nation whence he came. The first priest was a father acting for his family, praying and sacrificing in the name of all, as Noah and Abraham used to do. Then the king acted for his nation, as Melchizedek was at once King of Salem and priest of the Most High God. Lastly, to deepen the sense of religious awe, a single family, at times a single man, was put instead of the whole people, to offer sacrifices in their stead, to enter the most holy place for them. But, plainly, such an office could be held only by one of themselves, expressing and embodying their feelings; and, therefore, Christ was tempted that he might stand before his Father as the incarnation of a tempted race. Let that never be forgotten. "Does my trial seem too hard for me to bear? is my hand trembling, and my heart sick? But who is He that prays for me, in the very presence-chamber of my God? His well-beloved Son is there as my representative, and my prayer for succour is embodied in his all-prevailing prayer.

"Is my faith troubled for the future, when I stand, like Israel, between the Egyptian and the wave, when body or soul is in the snare? Then, also, my voice is in his voice, interceding with the Eternal King.

"And even when depressed beneath the heavy consciousness of sin, He who deigned, in fathomless self-abandonment, to become one with his unworthy Church below, does not hesitate still to speak for me; and the voice of my contrition is heard by God from him."

Such lessons may the Christian draw from the fact that his Lord was tempted.

BEAUTY IN WINTER.

THOUGH summer beauties are no more,
 And autumn glories fled;
 Though rude winds beat and buffet now
 Where erst soft breezes sped;
 Though Sylvia fair in mourning robes
 Bemoans her recent dead:

Yet may we find some pleasure still
 In roaming field and wood,
 Contrastive beauties meet the eye
 By hill, and dale, and flood:
 Nature repays a student's love,
 No matter what her mood.

I take me with a rustling step
 Adown the leaf-strown lane,
 The wayside brook that died in June
 Hath sprung to life again;
 And to some tinkling fairy lute
 Runs cheerily on again.

The hedge, though reft of all its leaves,
 By wandering brambles crost,
 A lovely natural screenwork makes,
 On which the silver frost
 Delights to trace a filigree,
 Unmindful labour lost:

For lo! each midday's breath dispels
 Her work so wondrous rare,
 Yet, gentle soul, again by night
 We find her labouring there,
 Re-touching every tiny spray
 With all her nicest care.

The bank, that looks across the gorge,
 Where violets earliest wake;
 Where primrose and anemone
 In rare profusion break;
 And village children every spring
 Joy-pilgrimages make:

Where first I told my tale of love,
 'Neath pleasant screening boughs,
 To her whom Heav'n in kindness sent
 To be my future spouse;
 And whose soft eyes made sweet replies
 To my heart-uttered vows;—

That bank, though shorn of every bloom
 That Summer gives a place,
 Doth still in its bold sweep confess
 A rugged kind of grace:
 In many an oddly-shapen tuft
 I some quaint charm can trace.

Anon I briskly make my way
 Upon the far-spread heath,
 His sharp nor'-wester Winter brings,
 Unseen from out its sheath,
 And rudely smites my tingling cheek,
 And backward drives my breath:

But soon, grown used to the assault,
 My cheek begins to glow,
 My breath returns, more vigorous
 I feel each pulse's low,
 And with a surer, stronger step
 Upon my way I go.

Again I seek the narrow lane,
 Where hips and haws abound;
 Where blackbird, sparrow, thrush, and wren
 Are ever to be found,
 Now flitting o'er from tree to bush,
 Now hunting on the ground.

Each step I take my vision meets
 Some object fresh and fair;
 For God in mercy unto man,
 Chief object of his care,
 Hath touched each season with some joy,
 Set beauty everywhere. J. G. WATTS.

A HOLIDAY VISIT TO GUERNSEY AND SARK.



OUR heart's desire was to spend a week on Sark. Many were the dismal prognostications concerning our fate, if we carried out our design. From an eye-witness we heard how, a week before, a Guernsey boat, containing a lady and some gentlemen, had struck on a rock, and how they were just saved by rowing desperately to a boat, fortunately anchored not far off, their own sinking as they set foot in the other. Instances were related how unwilling visitors had been kept a month on the island, weather-bound by fogs or

storms; and then how about our tourist tickets—to say nothing of being that length of time in such an out-of-the-way place, destitute of library, shops, and regular posts? We met people who had experienced a dearth of food on the island. But "wilful woman will have her way." So one wet, windy morning we said *au revoir* to Jersey, the Isle of Beauty, firmly resolved, circumstances permitting, to visit it again. Ladies were soon seized by the sailors and sent below, so tempestuous was the weather; but we stoutly resisted, and were admiring the boisterous sea off Noirmont Point, when a rude



Drawn by R. P. LEITCH.

[Engraved by W. J. LINTON.]

"Each step I take my vision meets
Some object fresh and fair."—p. 456.

wave knocked us both down on the deck, where we sat on the wet boards, drenched, embracing our hats with one arm and a coil of rope with the other, our hair flying dishevelled; fully expecting another watery salute, until led away by some grimy enginemen, who rejoiced at our forlorn condition, and were infinitely disgusted when we only went to a more sheltered part above deck. Gentlemen and ladies alike succumbed, and even the Dean of Jersey, whom one would expect to have overcome by practice any such weakness, had to break off abruptly his conversation with us, the thread of which was never resumed.

We found on reaching Guernsey that no boat was expected from Sark until the following day, and though hotels were full and accommodation scanty, we resisted all entreaties of fierce-looking Guernseymen, who somehow heard of our prospective sail, and kept coming to the hotel to solicit our patronage. The morrow proved like the preceding day, wet and stormy; but our faith being strong in the safety of the Sark mail cutter, we consigned ourselves to the care of the five Sarkese composing the crew. They spoke in an unknown tongue, the only word we could at any time interpret of their language was "*oui*," which they pronounced "*way*." It was a glorious sail, past the isles of Hermé and Jethou, over the grand Roussel with its foaming billows, skirting Little Sark, and threading the rocks, some of which towered above the water, while others lay silently and secretly beneath, making the approach to the island at once grand and dangerous. We cast anchor in an amphitheatre of high rocks, the wonderful little harbour of Creux, were put into a boat too wee to afford seats, and were rowed to a small cart in which, still standing, we were dragged up the stony beach. Thence through a tunnel cut in the solid rock, up a long shady hill we wandered in search of Madame Haslehurst, of Baker's Valley, in whose hotel we had been recommended to stay. To our disappointment, we found it full, and repaired next to "Bel Air," but "quite full" of "Ogsonians" was the answer there. Madame Vaudin, the landlady, however, sent us to "Hotel Voroque," kept by her son, and putting on her bonnet, acted as guide, asking all kinds of questions about home and kindred, and talking much about "Ogsonians." Fortunately, "Hotel Voroque" was empty, and we gladly took possession of the mansion, which although empty, was not large enough for the three of us, and we had to supplement it by a room in another house hard by. Four roads met in front of the "Hotel Voroque," so that it might have proved a lively situation, had there been much traffic; but as there was only one carriage (belonging to the Seigneur) in the island, and seemingly but one cart—small rafts being used instead—and one shop, we seldom saw anything passing except people leading

cattle. Tethering and untethering the animals, and taking them to drink, seemed to be the principal occupation of men, women, and children on Sark.

Let no one visit Sark who is not partial to rabbits. The island swarms with them, and the bill of fare is rabbits boiled one day, the next day rabbits stewed, the day following rabbits roasted, and the fourth day you find rabbits concealed in a pie. In the second course, sloes and blackberries appear the staple, puddings and tarts containing first one then the other. Every hedge is laden with these fruits, the size of large grapes.

We found a week not at all too long to spend on Sark. Walk a mile in any direction, and you are sure to come upon the sea; yet there is much diversity of scenery withal. This island, once the nest of pirates, is girt with cliffs rising 300 feet above the sea. The coast is indented with small bays, called by Sarkese *boutiques*, into which you descend by narrow winding paths; and Baker's Valley, with its shady trees and luxuriant ferns, forms a strong contrast to the somewhat bleak hills rising on all sides. The Seigneurie, too, is an excessively pretty place. Strangers are allowed to wander at their own time and pleasure through its gay gardens and shady grounds—where there is that now-considered-necessary, most required in quiet, uneventful Sark—a croquet lawn.

The most interesting expedition is to Little Sark, connected with Great Sark by a high, narrow ridge, or isthmus, called the Coupée. Standing on this slip of land, and looking down on either side at the sea, as its waves far below you send up their foam and spray, fretting the rocks, and seemingly trying to destroy the barrier which divides them from their companion waves, you can well believe the stories told, how, on dark winter nights, Sarkese have missed their road, and fallen headlong down the precipice. None would venture to cross the Coupée in a fog. Little Sark is cultivated and inhabited. Years ago, extensive mines were worked there, but the expenditure exceeding the gains, as is too often the case in such speculations, the mines were abandoned, and left to the undisturbed possession of the rabbits: a dreary scene, the half-ruined cottages, the surface of the earth broken and scored with disused pits and caverns. Le Pot, which is also on Little Sark, is a difficult place to find without a guide, but is well worth a visit. Down, down you go, by a stony precipitous path, into a regular hole, then pass under archways of rock to the sea.

On Sunday, we attended the French service at the church, which certainly possesses no architectural beauty.

At the proper hour the bell ceased, the congregation seemingly all assembled, the clergyman in his robes, in the reading-desk; but still the service did not commence for a quarter of an hour. Politely wait-

ing for the Seigneur, we supposed, no other reason being manifest. What dreary, slow, monotonous tunes we sang to our hymns, or rather psalms; what *would* the people think of the smart rapidity with which hymns are sung in our island? All the congregation appeared in mourning—most of the inhabitants being related to each other, one death on the island would account for this. The clergyman looked shy and nervous; and no wonder, we thought, on hearing he had not been out of his parish for twenty-eight years, having a horror of the treacherous sea. We were told he possessed no surplice, until Dr. Pusey, finding this the case on visiting the island, supplied this deficiency.

The master of "Hotel Voroque" was the guide of the island; and finding he was conducting a party of newly-arrived ladies through Gouliot Caves, we attached ourselves to the expedition. Our Sark costume consisted of short cotton dresses—the skirts of which we often dispensed with, as on this occasion—that most blessed of inventions, waterproof jackets, and unspoilable hats. Ladies, though fathers and brothers utter uncomplimentary criticisms, let not them persuade you to wear long skirts, or discontinue the use of hats, on pedestrian excursions. The only regret we felt at not having brought more extensive wardrobes was, that we might have enlightened the Sarkese women as to the fashions of the present century, but our costumes were the most comfortable and convenient for our daily scrambles.

The sole object of one of our party was to secure sea-beasties. For this purpose, round her neck was slung a basket containing a good-sized bowl. Her appearance was that of an elderly female, "all forlorn," her garments "all tattered and torn." Her dilapidated boots showing warfare with the rocks, discoloured skirts and hose (the latter knitted of "double fleecy") speaking of acquaintance with salt water, and battered mushroom hat, all told us she eschewed the pomps and vanity of dress. Her delights were in higher occupations than thoughts on dress. Not only was she learned in all the "ologies," but strong-minded beyond the average of women; she was skilled in surgery likewise, and boasted she could "amputate a toe, or an arm, or a leg," with perfect ease and safety! Whilst we were daintily picking our way from stone to stone, she would unconcernedly dash into the pools of water, and dive her arms up to the elbow after some marine treasure; but her researches in Sark, in the way of zoology, conchology, and botany seemed hardly to realise her expectations.

Our leave of absence having expired, we next started for Weymouth on the rolling *Brighton*. We had not yet learned wisdom by experience. The billows were particularly high and mighty off the Casquets, and we left our seats to admire their glory; whenever we did so we found basins placed before them, the boy evidently

thinking we could have but one motive for going to the side of the vessel. One wave more ambitious than the rest, leapt on the deck, knocked down a gentleman, sent myself on the top of the saloon, half of it ran into the cabins, increasing the terror of the sufficiently miserable occupants, the other half remained above, basins and footboards floating on its surface. What caused that anxious look on my sister's face? wondered I, as I still clung to my elevated position, and laughed at the scenes enacted around. Not fear, not vexation at being drenched to the skin, spite of waterproof and tarpaulin hat. Gestures at length enlightened me as to the calamity that had befallen her. Her glory had departed! The wave had deprived her of her *chignon*! With stealthy glances we looked around from our respective positions, wondering how to rescue it if we saw it. It was not floating on the deck; probably on the crest of some wave to be used by sea-gulls for a nest, or swallowed by some of the finny tribe, who would find a meal congenial to a cold-blooded stomach. We stuck to our seats now like muscles to their shells, privately bewailing the loss. Had not the match been difficult to accomplish, the colour being neither exact black nor brown, white or grey, golden or carrot? Our brother openly rejoiced at the disappearance of the "bob," as he impolitely called it, hoping it would issue from some corner and put us to shame: in which hope it is satisfactory to be able to say he was disappointed. At Weymouth all the hurry and disagreeableness of passing through the Custom House attended us, and we fled to the station, with the covers of our boxes half off and apparel issuing forth, just in time to catch the branch train.

What is one man's meat is another man's poison. While we, feeling renewed health and strength, were crowning the Channel Isles with wreaths of praises, the other occupants of the carriage were bewailing their misfortune at having visited them. Never! no, never! in emphatic tones, would they ever go there again. All were of one mind. The miseries of the voyages had quite eclipsed any pleasure the islands might have afforded them.

Our spirits also began to decline before the long, wearisome journey came to an end. Luncheonless, dinnerless, tealess, and supperless, our hearts fainted within us, when, late at night, we found we had to walk the mile and a half that separated the railway station from our home. The lights from the house-windows cheered us on, and we entered our own little parlour at last. With a sigh of relief, we discarded our seafaring garments, worn for so many hours, and lo! ensconced in the crown of the tarpaulin hat lay the *chignon*!

Farewell, readers, until we meet, perhaps, at Jersey next summer.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

THE MISSING SOVEREIGN.

MAURICE!" said Mr. Langton one day to one of the lads in his office, "I shall require you to go to the bank for me this afternoon, and get this cheque cashed."

"Yes, sir," said Maurice, and busied himself with his account book; for, although he was but fifteen years of age, and had only been eighteen months in his situation, he had risen from the lowest rank in the office to that of petty cashier. In the afternoon Maurice started off with the cheque safely deposited at the bottom of his pocket. He arrived at the bank, got the cheque cashed, and returned to the office, drew the money from his pocket, and put it down on his desk to count it. The cheque had been drawn for one hundred pounds; and he received the cash in bank-notes and gold. He began to count the money, note by note, and sovereign by sovereign, and, when he had counted it, he found one sovereign short. He thought he must have counted it wrong, and, therefore, counted it again, but with the same result. He searched about his desk, and looked in what he thought every direction—on the floor, in the desk, and in the drawers. He began to feel frightened, and did not dare to tell his master about it.

He knew that he had received it from the bank, for he had counted it before leaving.

His master was a strict man, and he felt sure he would be very angry with him, and perhaps, if he was cross, he would discharge him.

Poor Maurice had much to fear, for he was fatherless, and had a mother who was ill and unable to do her usual business of a milliner. She depended wholly on her son's earnings for a living.

Although Maurice's salary was not much at present, he had good prospects. He had already made some steps towards gaining the respect of his fellow juniors, and was liked by the manager and the clerks who were above him, and seemed an especial favourite of Dryden, a young man of about twenty years of age.

He did not know what to do, and was sitting, with a very downcast look, at the desk, when he was awakened from his reverie by Mr. Langton calling to him in a sharp way.

"I am coming, sir," said Maurice, slowly descending from his stool, for he was reluctant to go in to his master, and could tell, by his way of calling him, that he was annoyed at something.

"Let me have the cash," said Mr. Langton to Maurice.

Maurice gave him the notes and gold, at the same time telling him, with a beating heart, of the loss of the sovereign.

"What! and are you also trying to cheat me as Dryden has been doing?" said Mr. Langton, in a rage. "I have just found he has been defrauding me, for the last six months, of about sixty pounds; but I will sweep you all out of the office." And so saying, he ordered him out of the room, telling him never to return again.

Maurice went home with a heavy heart, and told his mother what had happened.

His mother comforted him as well as she could, for she knew he was not to blame, and told him to try and get an interview with Mr. Langton the next morning, and explain it all to him.

Dryden was given in charge, and taken before the magistrate on the charge of defrauding his master. He was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. As soon as he reached his cell, he asked that he might see Mr. Langton. He came during the afternoon, and Dryden then told him that, on the previous afternoon, as Maurice was counting the money on his desk, he had to go to him, and while Maurice's head was turned, he took the sovereign from the heap, to pay a bet he had lost in gambling.

When Mr. Langton heard this, he was much grieved at the hasty way in which he had treated Maurice, and immediately wrote to him, explaining how the sovereign had gone, and asking him to return again to his situation, with an increase of salary. This Maurice did, and, through his perseverance, received many promotions, becoming, after some years, a partner in the firm.

When he had been a partner about a year, Mr. Langton died, and the business was left entirely in the hands of Mr. Maurice, for that is what I must now call him.

He learned a lesson from the missing sovereign—never to act rashly, or do anything in a passion, and not to suspect another without good cause.

J. P.

CHARLIE CHEERFUL.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



CHARLIE CHEERFUL'S a bright young lad,
The smile on his face is frank and glad,
And he holds it a shame to be always sad.

Ere off to school in the morning he goes,
That he ought to be tidy and clean, he knows;
So he sallies forth ruddy and fresh as a rose.

He hastens along, that he may not be late;
He never will swing with those boys on the gate,
For he knows that disgrace is the laggard one's fate.

If once for an error he loses his place,
He never sits moping and pulling a face,
But bears his misfortune with quiet good grace.

He's always willing to do a good turn,
He's willing to help, and earnest to learn;
And the goodwill of all he endeavours to earn.

Charlie's a pattern, dull boys, for you :
Brush up your wits and be cheerful too,
For as happy as Charlie you'll be, if you do. *Th.*

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 423.

"For all have sinned."—Rom. iii. 23.

1. Festus	Acts xxvi. 24.
2. O ded	2 Chron. xv. 8.
3. Ramoth-Gilead	1 Kings xxii. 29, 30, 37.
4. A bimelech	Judg. ix. 30, 34.
5. L ehi	Judg. xv. 19.
6. L aish	Judg. xviii. 29.
7. H obab	Numb. x. 29.
8. A doni-bezek	Judg. i. 6.
9. V ashti	Esth. i. 9.
10. E lah	1 Kings xvi. 9.
11. S huthelah	1 Chron. vii. 21.
12. I shbi-benob	2 Sam. x. 16.
13. N echoh	2 Kings xxiii. 29.
14. N aioth	1 Sam. xix. 23.
15. E phron	Gen. xxiii. 16.
16. D odavah's	2 Chron. xx. 37.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

RESTORED.

"Oh, love and life are mysteries—
Both blessing, and both blest;
And yet, how much they teach the heart
Of trial and unrest."

L. E. L.

THE next morning, by the first train, Norman reached town, and made his way to the court in Church Street.

Whether with the intention of evading him or not, Norman was unable to determine, but he suddenly encountered the old man as he was emerging from the dark entry. He looked by daylight still more wizened and anxious than he had on the previous night. Some misgiving that either too much or too little had been said was in his mind. His feet seemed entangling in a web of his own making. He wished himself well on board the good ship *Loch-na-Gar*, in which he had taken his passage. Australia, he argued, mentally, would give to him in the autumn of his life an Indian summer; he had ways of investing and employing his hoards there; besides, he would be at ease, and able to enjoy his gains. Hitherto a life of hardship and constant anxiety had been all, notwithstanding his craft, that he had attained. Packmen, he knew, had made money, and enjoyed life while making it. He had never been at rest, but always miserable. He refused to return to his room with the young man. Much of his ill-gotten gains were stowed away there, and he began to dread being deprived of them. But he had this morning, both the original torn marriage-lines of Norman's parents, and a copy he had made of them. He now opened a tattered pocket-book, and gave the copy to the young man, saying—

"I can produce the original in a few days; but if ye show that to Miss Austwicke, she'll recognise it—aye, that will she!"

The young man did not at once open the paper. He

was content just then to let the old man go—satisfied that he himself should first of all go to Mr. Hope, and then be guided by him and Marian as to future proceedings. But his companion did not give Norman a chance to detain him. While in the Whitechapel Road, his strange associate suddenly slipped away down a turning, and was lost to the youth in that labyrinth of little courts and streets which flank the busy thoroughfare eastward. However, Norman knew where he lived, and so did not lose time by pursuing him. He was more anxious to open the paper in his hand. He walked on through the immense length of the leading thoroughfares until he reached the Strand, and turned to cross to the South Western Station. He paused on Waterloo Bridge, and leaning against that parapet which has been so often the last earthly resting-place of despair, he read the names, "Wilfred Austwicke—Isabel Grant." He scarcely noticed those of the witnesses. Austwicke! that, then, was his father's name. Austwicke! then that graceful creature, whose soft dark eyes, in all their appealing sweetness, had rested on him yesterday, was of the same name as his father—perhaps of near kin to him and Mysie. Could she have wilfully sought to wrong him? It seemed impossible. One thing was certain, he must be cautious, lest by any of that rashness, which he knew to be his failing, he wronged or distressed her. For an instant he was tempted to go to Dr. Griesbach's, and again see the young lady. He longed, if, indeed, he had a right to an honourable station, that Ella should know it. A latent sense of triumph made itself felt amid all his anxieties; but he restrained himself, and pursued his plan of seeking Mr. Hope, obtaining his forgiveness for the past, and procuring his advice as to the future. He took the train, but was so absorbed with his thoughts, and so intent in his frequent perusal of the paper, as if the mere names could be made to reveal the whole mystery, that the train passed many stations, and he did not look out; but, stopping

at Basingstoke, he was startled out of his reverie by hearing a voice in an adjoining carriage say—

"Why, Austwicke! what brings you here?"

Norman looked out of the window at once, and saw from the next first-class carriage, a young man hailing a gentleman on the platform, who, throwing in a valise to secure a place in the carriage from which he had been called, turned to two ladies, who might be a mother and daughter, near him, from whom he was parting. The ladies' heads were turned in a contrary direction to Norman, yet he observed, with a sort of freemasonry of feeling, that the tall, slender girl, who was a step in the rear of the elder lady, allowed her hand to linger a moment in the young man's clasp. Then, as the whistle sounded, and he got into the carriage, she turned her face, as the train moved off, and Norman heard the familiar words, "love to Marian," and saw, to his amazement, radiant with health and beauty, a taller, handsomer Mysie than of yore; but yet the same that had been the playmate of his childhood, and was, as he believed, the only relative he had ever known—his sister!

A host of conjectures, of which the most ready was that Mysie had been restored to her family; how else should she be on such intimate terms with this young man Austwicke? Was he kinsman or lover? One thing was apparent, Mysie was well cared for, and improved in every particular. He looked down a little dubiously at his own attire, contrasting himself unfavourably in his well-worn and never very well-cut garb, with the fine young man in the next carriage. Hitherto, Norman had been too much engrossed with the hard business of life, and was thrown among people too peculiar to care much for outward adornment: but what young person was ever wholly indifferent to such considerations, and at a new era in his life?

A consciousness that perhaps he presented himself at a disadvantage would cross Norman's mind, and was not removed when, on the train stopping at the station which he had taken his ticket for, he found himself brusquely passed by the porter, who, bustling up to the young man Norman had heard called Austwicke, and who was indeed our friend Allan, began touching his hat to him, and was so officiously attentive to his parcels that the other passengers, women and men, were left to shift for themselves. Norman noticed that a groom was waiting with a dog-cart, drawn by a very fine horse, for the young man, and just as Allan had driven off, he learned, to his chagrin, that it would be two hours before the 'bus started for Austwicke. However, seven miles' walk, even on a muddy road, was not a matter to make a trouble of; so Norman inquired the way and started off at a good round pace. He had been told that by leaving the high road, after five miles, and crossing some fields, he would come to a little foot-bridge over the river, and save a mile in reaching the village of Austwicke. He had meant at the station to ask for Mr. Hope's residence; but his heart was just then too full. The sight of Mysie, and the business he was on, so deeply moved him, that at the end of his journey, he needed both the exercise and the solitude to gather up his faculties and compose his mind. In about an hour and a half he saw from a sloping field-path the winding stream, the wide, green

Chace, and the little straggling village. A group of young country boys passed him. He inquired of them if they knew where Mr. Hope lived.

"We be just come from him. He has a class o' Thursdays," was their answer, as they pointed out a little green nook across the stream, to the right of the bridge.

Norman saw the tiny roof among the trees, and a blessing swelled his heart as he looked at the peaceful spot. If he had ever grieved the kind old man, now in the silence of the fields and calmness of the afternoon he keenly repented it, even to the extent of dreading to disturb the peaceful scene. Humbly, and with a beating heart, he drew near the spot indicated, went down the sheltered path to the wicket gate that shut in the little hermitage, and felt glad that the shrubs were so luxuriant as to conceal his approach. The gate was on the latch, and he was under the eaves of the house. A clematis nearly shrouded the open window. Stepping under its pensile boughs, he drew close to the wall and looked in. There was Marian, at her work-table; and on the other side, in his easy chair, her father, reading aloud to her. Norman could scarcely see them for the mist that gathered in his eyes. He thought they must hear the loud throbbing of his heart. Dear, true friends, how ungratefully had he left them! Could they forgive him? did they love him still? He removed from the spot just as he heard Marian, startled, say, "What was that, father?" He entered the rustic porch, and stood at the parlour door, as Marian opened it to look out. There they stood, face to face, a moment in silence; she gazing up wonderingly at the tall, dark stranger, who said, "Marian, don't you know me?"

"It's my boy—it's Norry," cried Mr. Hope, rising from his chair, and throwing over the work-table in his eagerness—"he's come home; I knew he would."

A single stride of Norman's across that tiny room brought his open arms around the aged man, who fell on his neck and kissed him.

CHAPTER LIX.

GERTRUDE'S GRIEF.

"Kind hearts are here, yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet;
And yet he stoops to give it. All complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says, 'Forgiven.'"
ASOR.

WHILE the bonds of love, that had been sorely ravelled—not destroyed—by wilfulness and absence, were being reknit at the cottage, and Mr. Hope and Marian were explaining their position and prospects, and listening with no small wonder to Norman's account of how he had passed the time of his estrangement from them; and then hearing, with mingled apprehension and incredulity, of the strange statement, so deeply involving the Austwicke name—feeling each moment a vague conviction that there must be some mistake, or that Norman was the dupe of the old man's (Burke's) falsehoods—while this was transpiring at Mr. Hope's, the railway

was bringing Gertrude and Mr. Austwicke down to the Chace by the next train after that by which Norman had travelled.

To Gertrude, the night which had followed her interview with him she could call by no other name than father, was one of deep sorrow. A sense, not merely of desolation, but of disgrace, clung to her—of orphanage of the worst kind: and, just now she valued at its very highest an unblemished name and lineage, for the sake of one, dearer than she liked to own; now to find she had been an impostor for years!—to have been substituted, by frightful neglect and crime, in a family cruelly bereaved and wronged. Oh! it was an undurable anguish.

She thought of Mrs. Austwicke's proud glance, and shrank mentally from it, as she would from flashing lightning. "She must hate me—always hate me." That she had never loved her, seemed now to have been both natural and right. Yet the mere fact that, through many years, she had called her by the dearest name given to woman, made Gertrude's heart fill with yearning towards her. Still, her feelings were very different, in relation to Mrs. Austwicke, compared with those that agitated her as she thought of him so long called father, to whom she had been ever since she could remember an object of such entire affection. She had been told that one reason he was so intensely fond of her was because, in her infancy, she had been left by her mamma; and, also, because—as she had secretly believed—she was slighted by her. Now all would slight her. However, on one point she was strong: Rupert should never have to blush for her past. All, from that time, was over between them. As soon as Mr. Austwicke permitted, she would tell Rupert so, and bid him farewell.

These thoughts about Rupert had kept her mind from dwelling on any minor contingencies that might arise as to property, home, or other kindred; in the tumult of her mind she thought not of them. Indeed, some vague notion of being cast out by Mrs. Austwicke, and being obliged to earn her own living, had come to her.

She was by no means reassured when she was ordered to accompany Mr. Austwicke down to the Chace. He, indeed, helped her into the carriage with as tender care as ever, but he did not talk to her. He had evidently passed a sleepless night, and was moody and troubled. Dr. Griesbach, who had been closeted with Mr. Austwicke until a late hour on the evening of the day that Gertrude made her revelation, had, indeed, that very morning, shown her more attention than it was his custom to bestow. As he parted with her, he pressed her hand, and said—

"You must come back soon to Ella; neither she, nor I, nor Rupert, can afford to have a long absence from such a dear little True."

There was an affectionate emphasis on the words that, at any other time, would have made her wild with delight. Her greatest fear had been that Dr. Griesbach, a man centred in study himself, would forbid his son having any disturbing thoughts, such as she knew he had indulged in. Yet now, what mattered his kindness?—she would be disgraced, and he must hear of it.

However, the heaviest time passes, and, as a hired

carriage took Mr. Austwicke and Gertrude to the Chace, he said to her, just before they arrived—

"I mean, child, to speak to Allan to-night. You must see your aunt with me in the morning. I shall decline to see her to-night, and so must you. I expect Mr. Webby down to-morrow."

Gertrude gave the promise submissively, and like a culprit entered the old house, Martin, in the greatest astonishment, coming forward to meet her, and receiving Mr. Austwicke's charge:—

"See Miss Gertrude to her room, and take care of her, Martin; she is tired, and must not be disturbed by any one."

While he spoke, Allan, who was dining alone, came rushing into the hall, and, after his usual mirthful fashion, while speaking to his father, ran to True, and lifted her from her feet to give her a kiss.

"Put me down, Allan, put me down; I'm tired—I'm ill," half sobbed the poor girl.

"No nonsense, Allan," said Mr. Austwicke, so sternly, to the youth's astonishment, that, feeling something was completely wrong, he followed his father into the dining-room; and Martin, seeing Gertrude was in tears, supported her up-stairs, ordering a maid, as she went, to bring up that feminine panacea for all ills—a cup of tea.

It was not wonderful that, as the poor child lay down on the sofa in the chamber she knew so well, she should weep the most passionate tears she had yet shed since Ruth had told her guilty secret; and Martin, whom both real affection for her young mistress, and natural officiousness, moved to attempt the task of consolation, of course blundered on the most painful topics.

"Poor Ruth isn't here, miss; but I'll do my best. Don't cry, don't. I knew you afore she. You don't happen to 'a heard of her from the doctor, eh?"

"Don't speak of her. I wish I'd never known——"

"Deary me—well to be sure! Now, don't be so put out: the tea 'll soon be here. Deary me; have Ruth been a-making mischief?"

Now, it so happened that Martin had noticed the intimacy lately at the parsonage; and Mr. Rupert Griesbach's looks and manners in relation to her young mistress had told the keen-sighted old woman that tale which all women are quick to understand. She had, indeed, made it a matter of cogitation, whether such a match would accord with Mrs. Austwicke's high notions, as fitting for her only daughter. Martin knew, as well as every servant in the house did, that the lady had no great love for Gertrude; but she quite understood her having, nevertheless, great pride; and she had foreseen trouble for the young people. Now it was come. Of course, that was the reason of the young lady being brought home, and of the squire's stern manner. Certain of this, she hazarded another question.

"Does Mr. Allan expect Mr. Rupert—is he a-coming?"

"What do you mean, Martin?" said Gertrude, drying her tears, "annoying me with your questions?"

When she chose it, her air of command was sufficient to check even Martin's intrusiveness, and so she was soon served with refreshments, and left alone. But Martin made herself amends by going instantly to Miss

